

The Fresno

VOL. XI., NO. 137.

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA, SUNDAY, JUNE 7, 1896.

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WINDING UP THE WORK

Congress Preparing for Adjournment.

THE PRICE OF ARMOR PLATE

Conference Report on the Naval Appropriation Bill Disagreed to by the Senate.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—The senate made some progress today toward clearing away the great appropriation bills which stand in the way of adjournment.

The final conference report on the Indian appropriation bill was presented and agreed to. The item to contract Indian schools is modified by limiting this date of continuance until July 1, 1897, instead of July 1, 1898. The item of \$83,000 for legal fees in the claims of the Old settlers or Cherokee Indians is modified so that the secretary of the interior retains the 35 per cent fund. The bill was passed to expedite the delivery of imported parcels and packages not exceeding \$500 in value.

Mr. Chandler, author of a report on the naval appropriation bill, placed in a number of battleships at three and \$25 per ton as the maximum price of armor. Mr. Chandler criticized the agreement. He said the third battle ship would not be advanced a day by being authorized now instead of next winter. The two battle ships a year, he said, were enough and that there should be two each year for the next two years. Mr. Chandler said that the price of \$25 for armor was excessive and extravagant.

Mr. Hawley, Repub., of Connecticut, deplored Mr. Chandler's remarks saying that too much importance would be attached to the matter, owing to his former service as secretary of the navy. He said \$500 was a fair price for armor.

Mr. Pettigrew, Republican of South Dakota, attacked the report in vigorous language. He declared it was an outrageous concession to the commission between the Carnegie and Bethlehem works.

Mr. Bacon, Democrat of Georgia, said that while he had favored four battle ships, yet he would decline to support three if the armor was to be paid for at the excessive rate of \$25.

Mr. Gorman said that while he did not join in the report he was satisfied that the naval bill would be put in jeopardy if the three ships were not agreed to by the senate.

UTAH DEMOCRACY

DELEGATES TO THE NATIONAL CONVENTION CHOSEN.

Instructed to Vote for Candidates Who Favor Restoration of Free Coinage.

SALT LAKE, June 6.—Judge Powers of the state committee called the Democratic convention to order today at 11.15 a.m., and named for temporary officers of the convention Col. A. G. Ellis of Salt Lake, chairman, and M. F. Murray of San Pete, secretary.

Col. Ellis in his speech said the party platform should be written in the briefest and simplest language. It should declare that there can be no national church and state; that the people of Utah were in favor of sound money—silver and gold at the ratio of 16 to 1, and that no uncertain or double meaning language should be used.

The speaker said the people were aroused, and he believed they would vote for freedom and prosperity and save the country, the statements of Chauncy Depew, the great American orator, and the long cry against the French opulence from Nebraska who presided over the agricultural interests of the United States, to the contrary notwithstanding.

At the conclusion of the temporary chairman's speech the committee were appointed and recess taken to 2.30 p.m.

Upon re-assembling, David Evans of Ogden was made permanent chairman. Mr. Evans made quite a lengthy speech, all the time making efforts to bring up an anti-slush resolution, but it was quickly smothered.

J. L. Rawlins, chairman of the resolutions committee, then presented the following brief platform, which was adopted without opposition:

The Democratic party of Utah, in convention assembled, reposing its trust in the honesty, intelligence, independence and patriotism of the people—standing for justice and liberty upon which our institutions are founded—while reaffirming its devotion to those principles as declared from time to time in the party platforms, and especially those principles announced by the Democrats of Utah in the re-convocation of 1896, now believing that the restoration of the money of the constitution is of paramount importance, declares in favor of the immediate restoration of the true and unobstructed coinage of gold and silver and that the dollar coin be made legal tender for all debts public and private.

"In the long list of beneficiaries who were provided for in the bill now before me, on account of those claims, 152 represent the owners of the ships and their cargo, 186 are those who lost as insurers of such vessels or cargoes. Premiums secured on these policies were large, and the losses were precisely those within the contemplation of the insurance companies.

"Appropriations to indemnify against insurance losses rest upon weaker grounds, it seems to me, than those of owners. But in the light of all the facts and circumstances surrounding these losses or that there has been a great development in the manner of their presentation.

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"Another item in this bill which seems to specifically benefit the Chinese, is an appropriation of \$1,000,000. I do not know the name of the candidate for president, and since I am about to carry the principle into operation.

The next business of the convention was the election of six delegates to the Chicago convention.

Hon. Moses Thatcher of Logan was elected by acclamation. The other five delegates were elected by ballot and the following were chosen: O. W. Powers, Salt Lake; J. L. Rawlins, Salt Lake; R. C. Chambers, Park City; David Evans, Ogden, and S. R. Thurman, Provo.

Democratic Delegates Named.

VENTURA, June 6.—The Democratic county central committee met today and appointed the following names delegates to the state convention: John McConigle, H. M. Stairs, Brian Urine, Thomas A. Rice, Thomas A. Tuhud and M. Fagan. The delegates were instructed to vote for free silver delegates to the national convention. Resolutions adopted declare an unalterable opposition to the enactment of the funding bill and a stand against any part of the railroad corporation to the government, and favors the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

Attempted Jail Delivery.

SALT LAKE, June 6.—A special to the Tribune from Price, Utah, says a report has been received there stating that a jail delivery was attempted at Vernal, Utah, at about 11 o'clock last night. About thirty men, friends of Matt Warner and Coleman, whom a coroner's jury recently found guilty of murder in the first degree, attempted to release them from jail. A number of shots were fired from both sides, and one of the men is reported seriously injured. The jailor stood firm at their posts, and finally succeeded in dispersing the mob.

Where Dunham Is Not.

MERCED, June 6.—Sheriff Warfield states that he is sure Dunham is not in Merced county. He has deputies at work in every part of the county, and says at 10:30 p.m. this is his satisfaction that the San Jose murderer is not in this vicinity.

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TO DEVELOP FRESNO MINES.

Gold mining is receiving more attention in Fresno county this year than ever before. There are many promising claims owned in this country by persons who lack the means of developing their property, and for this reason the actual output of gold in Fresno is far short of what it ought to be. The recent organization of two development companies in this city promises to solve the question of how to utilize a portion of the claims located and held by parties who are not able to develop them, but who are willing to make favorable terms with the developing companies.

The Knob Hill Gold Mining, Milling and Development Company was organized a few weeks ago under the laws of this state with a capital stock of \$60,000. This company now owns the Knob Hill and Live Oak mines in Auberry Valley. The work of development is being pushed on the Knob Hill mine with very favorable results. A five-stamp mill is now in position and will start up crushing ore next Monday. A force of men are working the mine and about 100 tons of ore is on the dump while fully ten times as much has been opened up to sight in the mine. The veins are bearing gold quartz somewhat decomposed, and will average of about \$20 per ton. The plan upon which this company is operating is as follows: Each share of the stock has a par value of \$24, which the purchaser may pay at the rate of \$1 per month. The money obtained from the sale of stock is to be used for the development of such property as the company may acquire by location, bond or purchase. And all the proceeds derived from mining, milling or ore on shares, sale of developed property, etc., will be distributed in the form of dividends to stockholders. From present indication, stockholders in the Knob Hill company will receive dividends from the start, and clerks, bookkeepers, laborers and professional men who make a practice of investing a few dollars monthly in lottery tickets, mining stock or futures on grain, can find a safe and remunerative substitute in one of these local mining development companies. A few dollars per month invested in this manner goes to develop our own county and all the money is paid out for labor and supplies at home.

The idea is a good one, and as a business proposition has been proven to be sound in other states and territories. We believe it will work well in Fresno county.

This sounds strange, coming from a prominent English paper, the *Mark Lane Express*.

This is what the country needs: Less money sent abroad to pay for foreign grown corn and foreign made goods, and consequently more work for the British agricultural laborer and mechanic.

And still the free traders in this country tell us that the American protectionists are the enemies of the agricultural interests. The condition of agriculture in free trade England disproves the claim. No other branch of industry in that country is suffering like that of the farmers.

Professor Hinsch claims the perfection of a new process by which 4 cent's worth of gold may be taken from each ton of ocean water, at a cost of \$1 for each \$10,000 of yellow metal obtained. As the mass of the ocean is estimated at 1,320,000,000,000,000 tons, it would seem that the gold bugs might profitably turn their attention to it for the time being, and give the treasury reserves a much needed rest. The only regret which we feel concerning the discovery is that our share of the stuff is so heavily watered.

Henry Hartshorne, of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, and one of McKinley's confidants, is at St. Louis and says that Wall street will attempt to dominate the St. Louis convention but will fail in the attempt. He does not think that the convention will declare for unrestricted free coinage of silver at the present time, but will favor a return to the double standard at the earliest time possible without destroying the parity of the nation's money. The prediction is in all probability well-founded.

A movement is proposed at Bangor to establish a public library and free reading room. Prominent ladies are agitating the question, but some of the pessimistic brethren say that the town is too small to support such an institution. With the example of Fowler and its long established and successful reading room before it such an excuse should not be heard from Bangor. No town is too small to support a reading room that is large enough to need it.

The Chronicle is making an able fight for municipal reform in San Francisco, and will evidently have the backing of all the better class of citizens in its demands for an economical and decent administration of affairs in that city. It is high time that a stiff curb were put on the treasury looters, and the new charter appears to be well adapted for that purpose.

A long period of immunity from serious crime in Fresno county has been rudely broken by the murderous acts of the past two days, and the hope of every citizen will be that the gun wielders will be brought to speedy account and the fact again made apparent that this is not a community where murder may be committed with impunity, but that the operation of the law is something to be dreaded by law breakers. The dark mystery at present surrounding the triple murder of Friday night will evidently be difficult of solution, but the hope may be reasonably entertained that intelligent and careful investigation will result in fixing the crime upon the bloodthirsty wretch who committed it. The cold-blooded slayer of those unfortunate and helpless

Armenians should experience the unpleasant sensation of the hangman's halter about his neck within a period of time so comparatively brief that the warning will not be lost upon others who have the lust of killing in their vicious natures.

The fossil remains of a bird have been recently discovered in Patagonia which measured thirteen feet in height. Its name on account of the extinction of this noble biped will be intensified, because of the fact that it had no wings with which to adorn the modern opera list.

RANDOM REMARKS.

Panum has again been "seen," this time at a place two miles south of Merced. But it doesn't follow that he has been there.

Major Sutro calls attention to the fact that the funding bill is not nearly dead, and urges the people to vote for it. The funding is not unnecessary, but it is a pleasant thought in this connection that the state has two senators and six congressmen (exclusive of Grove L. Johnson, of course) who have been and will be very faithful in keeping an eye on that bill. They have shown no disposition to sleep.

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TRUE TO HIS LOVE.
A MUSBAND WHO CHERISHED THE MEMORY OF HIS DEAD WIFE.

The Peculiar Fashion In Which He Showed His Faithfulness—Always Acted As If His Wife Was Still With Him.—The Pathetic Story Told by a Hotel Clerk.

The San reporter was leaning in a graceful attitude against the counter of an up town hotel office, conversing in an insolent and nonchalant manner with the haughty and impudent clerk, as reporters always do, when a nice looking old gentleman, with just enough provincialism in his appearance to show that he was not a New Yorker, though he might have come from Philadelphia or any other rural district, came up to the register as if he had been there before and wrote his name and address. In a few minutes the clerk had sent him off to his room with a bellboy and resumed his conversation.

"Queer old chap," he said, nodding in the direction of the departing guest.

The reporter whirled the register around to look at the name.

"Yes?" replied questioningly. "I see that he has signed himself and wife. Where's the wife? In the ladies' parlor?"

"That's the queer part of it," continued the clerk with an evident purpose of telling a story, and the reporter became interested. "There isn't any wife. He's a widower, and has been for 15 years, but he has been signing it that way for the ten years I have known him. He is now 60, and was married at 40, and the romance is as pretty as it is pathetic."

"And unusual," ventured the reporter. "If he is faithful to the memory of one woman, and that woman his wife. Widowers are not all so."

"That is why this one's story is the most interesting. Let me tell you. At 26 he was a poor young clerk in a wretched town, and was romantically and deeply in love with a pretty girl of 20. It may be said that she was in love with him, too, but he had no time for her—think of her daring to want him! She was watching for Joseph. He had gone down to Stoneton, only a mile distant—for the post at 5 o'clock. That was two hours ago. Joseph did love dearly to gossip with the old farmers and shopkeepers, but he really ought to remember dining time.

At 34 she was a widow and poor, for her husband had dissipated his fortune, and our friend here, still a bachelorette and much in love as ever, was a successful merchant. This time he was lawyer, for he was possessed of the sinews of war, and within a year's time he had married her. It was rather lucky on her part, possibly, but he had waited long enough and was so impulsive that she compromised with him on one year instead of the regulation two of widowhood. They came to this hotel on their wedding tour and were here two weeks, and one of the proprietors of the hotel informs me that he never has seen a couple more suited to each other and better satisfied with each other. After that he came to the city in the spring and autumn to buy goods, and she always accompanied him, and they seemed to go no farther away from the honeymoon season with each recurring year.

"At last, after the fifth spring trip, he did not come, but his manager did, and he said that the wife had died and the husband's mind was affected, though they hoped he would come around all right in time. In the fall of the year he came again, but he was not the same man any more. His mind was clear on all business matters, but he was 'queen' about his wife, and a sad-faced man couldn't be found anywhere. The old clerk, who had been at the counter on his previous visits, was there when he came again, and after greeting him pleasantly turned the register around for him to sign it. He responded as usual, and when the clerk looked at the name it was followed, as before by 'and wife,' as he had been accustomed to sign it. The clerk was about to call his attention to it, but a second thought prompted him not to notice it, and he sent the guest to the bridal chamber, the room he and his wife always occupied, as they did on their first visit.

"During his stay of a week he had very little to say, and if any reference was made to his wife he responded as if she were still alive and was with him at the hotel. At the table, too, he had a place set, and her meals were served as if she had been there to eat them. When he was ready to go and came for his bill, it was made out as usual, and he paid for two people without comment. Ten years ago, when I came into the office, I received my instructions concerning our patient guest, and have since my first meeting him acted with him exactly as if he were accompanied by his wife. I have learned that he follows the same course in all that he does in any way connected with her. He buys two railroad tickets, two theater tickets, two places in any conveyance, two everything, where she might have gone with him, and on trips where she would not have accompanied him in life, such as short trips from his town or to attend of any kind where it was probable she would not have cared to go, he provides only for himself. He seems to understand what she would be doing all these years and acts accordingly. You noticed him sign that register and go off upstairs?" concluded the clerk. "Well, he does all the rest in the same confident way, just as if she were with him and his first consideration was for her."

"You may not be a poet," said the reporter, "but the story you tell is a poem that all men should learn and cherish in their hearts."—New York Sun.

A Remedy at Hand.
Customer—I'm half sorry I bought that necktie now. It's too loud.
Salesman—Let me sell you a mustier. —D. K. & Co. Monthly.

The Butcher.—That meat that I bought here last, Mr. Cleaver, was frightfully tough.

Butcher—Do you know, ma'am, that one reason why there are so many poor teeth nowadays is because they do not have enough exercise?

Customer—But that steak couldn't be eat with a knife!

Butcher—Yes, there is some mighty poor cutler in the market now. Did you say five pounds, ma'am?—Boston Transcript.

The Scared Bachelor.
"I wonder," said the weary boorier, "if there is any truth in the theory that the advancement of woman to an equal intellectual plane with man will destroy her beauty."

"Of course there is," said the scared bachelor, "and there are more pretty women than ever nowadays."—Indianapolis Journal.

Humor in Chicago.
If the name of the men who first thought of sending floral tributes to Chicago aldermen could be discovered, he would take first place on the roll of fame as the great American humorist.

WHY WE SHAVE.

Senator Bacon Did Not Want His Whiskers Pulled.

There was a time when Senator Bacon of Georgia wore an ornate and lavish hairstyle adored, and pictures taken at the time he was president of the Georgia senate so represent him. Now he contents himself with a simple mustache. How he happened to shear his beard was told by the senator himself recently.

"It was," he began, "when the roller skating craze broke out and invaded the best families in the south. It struck Macon, and somehow it found a victim in me. Everybody was going to the skating rink, and consequently I went. I soon acquired a remarkable degree of grace in gliding dreamily over the floor to the pulsation of exhilarating waltz strains and my company was in great demand by ladies who were still somewhat distrustful of their own skill. I shall never forget. I was acting as the guardian angel, one evening of a lady whose main support I was in her feeble efforts to prevent a collision with the floor, and we were rather tremulously gliding lighter and thinner among the crowd, when an invalid on skates approached us from the opposite direction. I saw at a glance that the man had lost his compass and, noticing but a blindfold, I pronounced was doing his fall. That moment a woman, whose main support I was in her feeble efforts to prevent a collision with the floor, and we were rather tremulously gliding lighter and thinner among the crowd, when an invalid on skates approached us from the opposite direction. I saw at a glance that the man had lost his compass and, noticing but a blindfold, I pronounced was doing his fall. That moment a woman,

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THE RABBIT SCOURGE

HOW THE AUSTRALIANS TRY TO DEAL WITH THIS PEST.

Persons Made of Netting Over 400 Miles Long—Enormous Cost of Fighting the Plague—Millions Have Been Slaughtered but Numbers Continue to Increase.

Then the New South Wales government, it will be remembered, offered a reward of £25,000 to any person or persons who could suggest a really efficient method of getting rid of the pest; but, although this liberal offer led to the receipt of no fewer than 2,000 schemes from all parts of the world, none of them was regarded as satisfactory, and the offer was withdrawn. The domestic cat was introduced, and in certain limited areas did much service. Poisons were largely resorted to, and ferrets, stoats and weasels have been imported in thousands into some of the colonies and have increased fast. But hitherto the rabbits owing to the rate at which they multiply, have managed not only to hold their own, but to constantly spread over new ground, carrying destruction with them wherever they go.

In South Australia, for instance, the direct loss from the rabbits has been put down at £230,000 per annum, and the indirect loss at a similar amount. In Victoria, the active operations for the destruction of rabbits on crown lands have been carried on by the government since 1880, and from that date to the middle of 1894 a total of nearly £300,000 had been spent by the state on that object. As for the money spent by private individuals for the same purpose, that is almost incalculable but it may be mentioned that on one estate alone upward of £35,000 have been expended by the owner, with the view of clearing his land of the pest.

In 1893, nearly 88,000,000 rabbit skins, valued at £402,000, were exported from Victoria, without counting the large quantities used by hat manufacturers in the colony, one establishment alone sending 954,400 every year. Yet, notwithstanding all this slaughter, the present infested area throughout the colony is estimated by the chief inspector at no less than 37,750,000 acres. Adding to the direct expenditure the depreciation of the grazing values of this land, the loss to the colonies concerned amounts to millions of pounds sterling.

The final outcome of rural confusions of international conferences and of the testing of every practical method of extermination, is that the most effective method of dealing with the evil is found to be the construction of rabbit-proof netting, by means of which the animals can be kept from areas not yet infested, can be shot from food supplies, and can be more effectively dealt with locally.

The length of some of these fences is enormous. There is one starting at Barcina, on the Queensland border, and following the main track line from Bourke to Corowa, a distance of 407 miles, and there is another along the entire western boundary of New South Wales, a distance of 346 miles. The Queensland government, too, has erected a similar fence along a considerable portion of the northern boundary of New South Wales, but the surveyor general of Queensland, in the report already referred to, says that "the rabbits must have come through the fence in mobs and droves of innumerable multitudes at some time," and thus have established themselves in Queensland as well.

This, of course, is the weak point in regard to fences, which are liable to break down in places, more especially in times of flood and where they cross over creeks, while the keeping of constant supervision over the fences, so that immediate repairs can be done where openings appear, is quite impracticable where the distances are so great. In many instances, countless thousands of rabbits have been seen on one side of a fence dead or dying of starvation after eating all the available food supplies and leaping up at the fence in their attempts to surmount it. One can imagine how they would rush through in the event of any opening appearing and how a single break in the fence might be the bane of a country not previously infested.

There have been many projects for the commercial utilization of the animals, sending them over here in order to contribute both to our food supplies and to the cost of their own destruction, but hitherto the enterprise has not been very profitable, while some of the most competent authorities in the colonies think that if it should be followed up the result may be to encourage the rabbits instead of getting rid of them. On the other hand, too, the trapping of some hundreds of thousands, even a million or two, of rabbits to Great Britain every year would not be likely to make any appreciable difference on the numbers left behind to constitute what it is feared must be regarded as a pest now altogether inadmissible.—London Times.

His Liberal Reward.

The champion mean man up town seems to be a young man who recently advertised in the papers offering a "liberal" reward for the return of a pocket book containing \$80 in cash and some valuable papers. Two young men found the pocketbook in Norristown and called at the loser's house to return it. He handed one of them 50 cents. The finders protested, saying that it had cost them 65 cents to come down from Norristown, and that they hadn't enough money to get home again. The fortunate owner of the pocketbook dismissed them with the remark that he couldn't help that.—Philadelphia Record.

A Not One.

"Smith got off a bright thing the other day."

What was it?

"A lighted cigar some one had carelessly dropped into the chair he sat on,"—Detroit Free Press.

Now Edison Learned to Work Stories.

"Such a waste of time," said a gentleman who passed an evening with Mr. Edison in Norwalk, O., recently, "to hear Mr. Edison rolling off story after story, and demanding of all his acquaintances to tell him more, when we know how much information we might have received from him. I asked him how he got to be such a story teller." Well," he replied, "when I was quite a young man I was a telegraph operator during the war. I was stationed at St. Louis, which was a sort of recruiting point for a large district, and when we would get our batch of recruits off to the front, we had several hours to put in, I used to get pretty tired. Then we would begin to call up the operator at the other end of the line and gossip with him. I always liked stories, and if Chicago had a good one, he would wire it to me. Then I would send that off to Louisville and New York and Cincinnati, and hear them laugh over it by wiring back. 'Ha, ha,' over the wires in this way we would get all the best stories there were going, and we would always write them out for the day men. It got to be a sort of pastime after awhile, and he stuck to me ever since."

TIM/MOGAN'S FIREMAN.

COME UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS.
One day into the mountains, come up into the hills!
Oh, friend down in the valley, the way is clear for you!
The path is full of perils and dangers, but
May safely thread its windings and reach to my retreat.
The mountains, oh, the mountains! How art thou like a mountain?
How like a mountain! and all the soul is prayer!
How like to thee the mountain, the echoing voice
Invites me to the mountain, God's emerald dome!

On soul below in valleys where aspirations rise,
No higher than the plumes of water fowl that flies.
Come up into the mountains, come up into the hills!
Leave weary leagues behind you, the lowland's nevermore.
The autumn's rotted verdure, the sappress green leaves,
Comes like the snows like that bloom
Beneath the spirit of all these climbing hills.
Man may achieve his dreams and be the thing in itself!

—Joseph Davis Miller in Munsey's.

A FAIRY TALE.

A fisherman was living in a humble cabin with his wife Stora. One day after having needlessly spent several hours on the river bank he suddenly pulled from the water an immense fish with gold scales and a gold crown on its head.

"Ah!" cried he. "Here's a fine catch, I will take it to the king. He will certainly pay me generously for it." But the fish said, "Give me liberty. I am an embossed prince and can accomplish anything you wish."

"All right," goodnaturedly replied the fisherman. "This is the first time I have ever heard of a fisherman who would let me have his catch."

"What's the use?" says I.
"Well, you come on and don't ask no questions," says Hogan.

"Hogan was a powerful and determined sort of a man, and I didn't want no trouble with him, so I climbed into the cab alongside of the nigger when the train pulled out.

"Well, sir, I'll never forget that run Hogan was mad and sulky, and he run that old engine with all the care behind him just like he was way behind time.

The nigger hewed wood into the firebox, and Hogan kept cushion in his seat and tellin him to keep it hot. First thing I know'd we struck the bottom of the longest and heaviest grade on the line. Hogan's engine was drawing great chunks of wood from the firebox, and the stock looked like a volcano.

"Finally," said the fisherman. "It is the first time I have ever heard of a fisherman who would let me have his catch."

"What?" she exclaimed. "When we are here in a miserable cabin! You might at least have asked for a cottage to go back. He is under obligation to you. You saved his life. He can refuse you nothing."

The sleek and humble fisherman was not at all anxious to make the attempt, but finally giving way to his wife's determination he went to the water's edge and called: "Fish of gold! Royal fish!"

"Why do you call me?" asked the fish.

"Alas," replied the timid fisherman, "I am obeying my wife, who does not always think as I do."

"And what does she wish at present?" said the fish kindly.

"Ah," he replied sadly, "she is not satisfied with our small cabin and wishes a larger one."

"Very well. Return home and you will find your wish accomplished."

In fact, in place of the miserable cabin was a beautiful cottage. Stora was sitting radiantly happy on a bench in front of the door. Taking her husband by the hand, she said, "Just come and see how beautiful it is!" There was a bedroom, with a comfortable bed, a kitchen with a complete assortment of cooking utensils, and near by a low court, from which came the cackle of geese and chickens. They followed a garden full of vegetables and an orchard of fruit trees. "It is not charming," cried Stora.

"Yes, indeed," replied the astonished fisherman, and both heartily rejoiced in their good fortune. Fifteen days later Stora said to her husband: "I have been thinking that we were too modest in making our wishes known. This cottage is too small, and there is not a single field joined to the garden. I should like to have a beautiful country residence."

"What folly!" cried her husband.

"What would we do with a country residence?"

"Make yourself easy. I know well of what benefit it would be to me. You have nothing to do but to sign the golden fish."

The poor fisherman, not being able to resist, went out with bowed head.

"Why do you call me?" asked the fish.

"I am obeying my wife, who does not always think as I do."

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PRETTY WASH. GOODS

Going at a Rapid Gait.

AND WHY?

BECAUSE

Prices and prettiness have never been so closely allied in Wash Fabrics before, no matter where. They are strikingly stylish in pattern and color combinations, and are to go at half price.

A BIG DRIVE

In those very popular Fabrics—Dimities, Colored Figured Swiss, Tissues Ideale, Colored Dimities in Dresden and Persian effects—at 12¢ a yard. They are worth twice the money, and are all fast colors.

Our Line of White Goods

Will astonish you, and next Monday we will give the public a chance to secure a bargain in Dotted Swiss, Dimities, Organdies and other novelties in white. They are worth 20¢, but we will put them on sale at the low figure of 12¢.

REMEMBER

We are sole agents for the celebrated Soft-Finished Table Linens of Stiller & Sohn, Sorau, Germany.

SPECIAL.

In our Millinery Department we have this week 150 Trimmed Lethorn Hats, just suitable for this season, at 75¢ and \$1.

White Front Stores.

RADIN & KAMP,

1027, 1029 and 1031 I Street, Fresno, Cal.

THE VALLEY ROAD

DIRECTORS FIND A STUMBLING BLOCK AT BEEDLEY.

A Pleasant Outing and a Long Drive But Nothing Settled.

Dr. A. J. Pedler and A. L. Hobbs, representing the Committee of Ten, drove yesterday over to Beedley with the Valley Road directors to endeavor to settle the vexed question of a southern outlet from Fresno.

Moses Samuel of Samuel Bros. & Co., of San Francisco, who have extensive interests in the Carmelita vineyard and the '78 ditch, was of the party. The directors who made the trip were Vice-President Watt, Captain Payson, Thos. Magee and W. B. Story. John P. Spreckels had returned to San Francisco on the early train.

The start from Fresno was made as early as 8 a.m. and the first halt was made at the vineyard of Darius Meyers, six miles from town, where a number of non-consenting property owners were talked to. Then the party proceeded to the El Rio Rey vineyard, where lunch was eaten. Miss Wallace, not the proprietor, but a veteran San Francisco politician, a "catcher of men."

The party arrived at Beedley at 2:15 p.m. They were met there by about 100 citizens and the following committee from Visalia: W. H. Hammond, O. E. Miller, D. J. Overall and Adolph Rivers. G. S. Young, right of way agent, negotiated the interview, which were quite cordial.

The situation was very fully discussed and it was developed that there are people to stand in the way in and about Beedley.

A committee of three, J. B. Jones, T. L. Reed and Justice Fairweather, was appointed to present the views of Beedley at a meeting to be held on Wednesday next.

Meanwhile the directors did not hesitate to make known the fact that if the people of Beedley would not let them in, they must not be hindered in securing rights of way.

There was no great evidence of anxiety to secure the Hanford route and the Beedley people were given the plain intimation of their opportunities and the fact that the road may for the present run to Fresno.

The committee from Visalia took advantage of the opportunity to suggest that if the Beedley people would not help out on the proposed road an intermediate route might be chosen giving a more direct route to Visalia, and that the citizens of that town would be held up for several days.

Coxey is Coming.

Arrangements have been made by the local Populists for an audience to speak Coxey, the communistic leader, at Arden's hall in this city, on June 10th evening, the 10th. It is understood that Coxey gives special attention to the financial scene. Judging from the interviews in the city papers, Coxey is an interesting talker.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair, Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair.

DR.

PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
Most Perfect Made.
10 Years the Standard.

BOARD BILL REJECTED.

Supervisors Will Not Allow Pay for Noon Day Meal of Prisoners.

The Board of Supervisors yesterday rejected Sheriff Scott's bill of \$68.75 for the noon day meal of prisoners for the month of May. The motion was made by Lecher, seconded by Garrett.

Edith Hansen, an inmate of the orphanage, was ordered given to the custody of F. Foster, provided the board of orphans managers did not object.

A telephone was ordered placed in the office of the superintendent of schools.

MCLEWEN'S LETTER.

The Democracy Has Simply Gone Mad.

SO SAYS ONE OF ITS LEADERS

Its Desperate Condition Has Driven the Party Into the Free Silver Camp.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 5.—The past week has wrought a great change in the United States where newspaper influence counts for so little. The election of Carlisle and repudiation of the administration have apparently banished wavering and carried the party over to the cause of silver. The gold men here have thrown up their hands. They still retain the hope that they may save something at the state convention, but they may prevent a straight-out 16-to-1 declaration, but even the most sanguine of them, including Gavin McNab, look for a silver platform and a silver candidate at Chicago. The silverites claim that they will have their own way now at Sacramento. The tide that inclined in their direction has become a torrent, and they argue that it would be idiotic in the Democrats of California to lag instead of lead at the national convention. So they are bent on radical action. The gold men know they are beaten, yet few of them are resolute.

"It means defeat for the party, this silver craze," one of their leaders said to me. "But the majority has a right to prevail." We shall not bolt the ticket if the party is to be saved. The Democratic party will come back to the solid ground of sound money. There can be no hope of carrying New York and New Jersey and Connecticut with a silver candidate, like Illinois, Iowa, Michigan and Indiana can't be captured. The South will stand in, of course, and the mining states, but there is no doubt in my mind that the Democrats will be defeated.

Speaking of the *Call*, I have not seen it mentioned in print that Charles M. Shorthridge, the editor, has broken down in health, and has not been active in the paper's management for several months. He was confined to his bed for weeks and then was taken to the spring. His editorial exuberance and popularity of metropolitan journalism, which is wearing on one who has not learned by long experience just what ought to be left out, was too much for Mr. Shorthridge. Astonished, as he is, in private life to strong speech and energetic action, the restraints of the *Call's* editorial page could not but have been as a choking hand upon his throat. Life without the freedom to worship that which he holds dear is death. In the books is not tolerable to Major Shortridge. As the *Call* speaks for all that is equivalent to speaking for nobody in particular, the Major sank under the weight of suppression, and it is his tilted brother, Colonel Ham, who has been contributing the editorials, the beauty of whose rhetoric and avoidance of dangerous thought have interested all students of modern journalism. To conduct a great paper while writing for it is a task not for the Colonel. It is in relaxation from his toil as a lawyer and statesman. Even when he departs as a delegate to the St. Louis convention the *Call* will not be without its daily supply of editorials, for it is arranged, I am informed, that a short-hand writer shall record his step-speeches to the multitudes assembled at the various railway stations and telegraph them back to him.

Whether or not he is free again, he will be a silver Democrat, like Stevenson, for instance, nominated on a silver platform, and there will be a land fit for it good."

The silver men scoff at such prognostications. They are elated and see a good prospect of defeating McKinley. George W. Baker, president of the Metallic League of California, has success all figured out. He is a Republican, but a silver man before everything else. His statements represent the expectations of the most astute political observer. "The Democratic party," said Mr. Baker, "is not at present really free again. The silverites are against fusion. Even with a sound money platform and a sound money nominee the Democrats would have a hard row to hoe, but this throw for silver is simply a paroxysm of despair. The big newspapers of the country everywhere are all one way, and their constant hammering is sure to tell between now and November. The party has simply gone mad and is rushing headlong to destruction. A thrashing will fit it good."

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"The Democratic party," said Mr. Baker, "is not at present really free again. The silverites are against fusion. Even with a sound money platform and a sound money nominee the Democrats would have a hard row to hoe, but this throw for silver is simply a paroxysm of despair. The big newspapers of the country everywhere are all one way, and their constant hammering is sure to tell between now and November. The party has simply gone mad and is rushing headlong to destruction. A thrashing will fit it good."

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